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BY ORSON HYDE.

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ORSON HYDE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Glance at the World.

Our native planet has completed another revolution. The days, hours, and moments of another year have fled to mingle with those before the flood. Events of varied and deep importance have transpired, and stamped their impress upon the historic page of 1849. Numbers who entered upon the fleeting moments of the year past, filled with life and buoyant with hope and bright expectation, now sleep in death, whilst thousands of eager intelligences have taken up their abode in the flesh, and commenced their earthly education. During the last twelve months, the destroyer has laid many low. Many who would not have God to reign over them, nor accept his salvation, have fallen victims to the overflowing sickness. The saints have hardly escaped. The Lord has begun to thrash the nations. His consuming judgments are abroad in the earth. He strikes terror to the hearts of kings. The high and mighty have fallen. The proud are confounded. The poor and humble rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.

One idea presents itself above all others. By the unerring force of the law of gravitation, precisely as one scale of the balance rises the other proportionally falls. Just so it is in respect of the two principles or powers that are striving for mastery in the world. The light of the living principle of divine revelation is piercing the dark places, and making war with all unrighteousness; and measurably as it is established and prevails on the earth, does the darkness, disunion, and confusion of the abettors of "no revelation" become manifest. The union, success, and property of the saints gauge the rottenness and instability of all systems which are the outpourings of the wisdom of men.

Hundreds of honest hearts, anxiously waiting for the consolation of Israel, have wandered from sect to sect, and from party to party in search of truth, but have been unable to find it. All human institutions are alike destitute of divine authority. All exhibit unmistakable symptoms of general debility. In all are found the seeds of decay and elements of corruption; none being taught of God. One man's opinion, or system, is as good as another's. None reach within the veil. Their duration and influence are bounded by natural life and death. All act for this life, none for eternity. Their priesthood is of man, and perishes with him. Their authority vanishes at the grave, consequently it will never be recognized beyond it. Men invest men with a little brief authority and station here, but all measures and proceedings are executed in view and fear of death. The most powerful preachers are those who can preach death the most effectually and awfully—who can array and represent the king of terrors in robes of dreadful majesty. To convert men, they "shake them over hell," which is the second death.

Well might one of old say, "Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." A servant of God, a priest of the royal oracles of Melchisedec, does not preach death. With him death is swallowed up in victory. "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." Such a priesthood exists not for a day, but is the "power of endless life." The great difference between true and false priesthoods appears to be in point of duration. The true and right priesthood is "without beginning of days or end of life," consequently, its only message is life, eternal life. It is not forerunners; its power extends "beyond this visible diurnal sphere." Its authority is acknowledged and received in the councils of Heaven. "Whosoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Such a power knows no death; and therefore makes no provision for age. Death is the

non-acceptance of eternal life, the absence of the vital principle. A false priesthood does not and dare not assert its immortality, because it has none; and it cannot promisingly hold forth eternal life to its votaries, for it is mutable itself. All its acts, laws, and ordinances die at its death, and are known no more for ever. Repentance to such a priesthood is a repentance to be repented of. Proselytes to such a system, are twofold more the children of hell than they were before.

Turn which way we will, all uninspired systems are very unsatisfactory. Catholicism cramps and trammels the mind of man beyond endurance. Multitudes are disgusted with episcopacy, in consequence of the pride, greediness, and overbearing of the clergy, and the obvious anomalies of its constitution and working. The remaining numberless sects shine little brighter. The Scottish poet drew his bow at a good venture:—

"This gown'd makes rogues fight the fiercer,
Without it, preaching would be scarcer."

Methodistic sanctity, with all the assistance of black coats, white cravats, gracious heaven-ward looks, and countenances screwed to the extreme point of hypocrisy, veils not the "black corruption of a putrid heart." A fierce, hot, and bitter contention has been carried on of late amongst the followers of John Wesley. An agitation involving one or all parties in guilt. The case appears to be like this:—Some of considerable talent and standing in that society, having entertained divers misgivings in respect of the infallibility of its governing officers or conference, imagining not that they loved the flock less, but the fleece more, take upon them to criticize the proceedings of that venerable body. The conference gets into a "pretty considerable fix," from which it endeavors to extricate itself by disavowing the obnoxious parties. The agitators meet with such sympathy from the common people, who contribute, but spend not, whilst conference has a difficult task to convince a mistrustful public, that it has confounded ecclesiastical jurisprudence with individual liberty.

Honest hearts are not altogether content to sit down by the cant and hypocrisy of the priesthood. When they are bitten by one sect, they fly to another, "out of the frying pan into the fire" often. We hear them exclaim, "I was brought up a Methodist, my parents were Methodists, and I had hoped to bring my children up to that persuasion; but how can I recommend a religion to them, whose councils display such scenes of confusion as characterized the last Wesleyan conference?" "I had always thought conference a body of godly men, assembled in the fear of the Lord, to make decisions in righteousness, but we may judge of their spirit by their shouting 'old clothes,' 'mackerel,' &c., to one another, when some attempted to address the assembly." We are not surprised to see in the public journals like the following, "We are informed on good authority, that many Wesleyan ministers, dissatisfied with their system of church government, and not the least so with the recent proceedings, are meditating a resignation of their charges, and a course of study preparatory to offering themselves for ordination in the established church." Then again, there are many seceding from the church, impelled more or less by the views of the many cases that have preceded them.

Wisdom crieth in the streets—When will the people give ear—when will they learn that conferences, synods, assemblies, bible, missionary, and peace societies, are vain things for safety or unity. For behold, they bluster up, say something must be done, get up a monster peace meeting, or one in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, and then vauntingly cry, "Look at our unity; we are all one, though divided amongst ourselves in so many different sects, each one going to heaven his own particular way, and singing his own particular song; yet we can meet together, Episcopals, Methodists, Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Baptists, Ranters, and heaven knows what else; give one another the right hand of fellowship, and centre all our sympathies, talents, and energies in one common God, for the Redeemer's cause, the glory of God, or the salvation of immortal souls."

Presently, let the love drawn out cool a little, the great swelling words resolve themselves; then look at the lions in their undress; and we hear of one parson damning unsprinkled little infants; another occasionally refusing to marry unsprinkled adults; a third denying christian burial to unsprinkled old and young. And this is unity!

"Just like prize fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother."

Many people are beginning to believe in a day of power. Hoary-headed sectarians, grown grey in the unprofitable traditions of their forefathers, now fish up tit bits from favorite commentaries, in support of the idea that it is possible for man to be the agent of supernatural power. Says one, "I know one of our preachers who lay at death's door, but recovered therefrom by the faithful prayers of his congregation." Says another, "There is a man in our church who has healed several by laying on his hands in the name of the Lord." Measmerism, too, is reviving intelligence from the unseen worlds. Some contend that measmerism is simply a natural agent. I am more inclined to think it a spiritual power, for a natural agent can receive no spiritual intelligence. Measmerism, considered as a spiritual power, is of doubtful tendency; it declares not its authority, neither makes known its origin. Can it be of God? Judging from analogy it is not. All heavenly supernatural agency that has appeared from the foundation of the world, has always unhesitatingly avowed its divine commission. Measmerism has not done this.

Its advocates deny its pretension to so high a mission. And yet it converses with the dead, and reveals things that have been and are to be.

Those who love righteousness have abundant cause for thankfulness to the father of lights, for the restoration of the Melchisedec priesthood, with its keys, powers, and authorities, by which men may detect false spirits, powers and influences, though they should assume the garb of angels of light. The powers of darkness appear to be preparing their forces for a decisive contest. May all Israel, as children of the day, know and escape the wiles of the arch deceiver, so that the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ may be to their joy and rejoicing, and not to their dismay and consternation.—(Star January 1, 1850. HARVEY L. BIECH.

A Journeying Song for the Camp of Israel.

Dedicated to Miss Brigham Young and Lady,

BY MISS E. E. KNOW.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

The time of winter now is o'er,
There's verdure on the plains;
We leave our sheltering roofs once more
And to our tents again.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel onward move,
Oh, Jacob! rise and sing—
Ye Saints! the world's salvation prove—
All hail! to Zion's King.

We go to choice and goodly lands,
With rich and fertile soil;
That with the labor of our hands,
Will yield us wine and oil.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We go beside the mountain cliffs,
Where purest waters flow—
Where nature will her precious gifts
Abundantly bestow.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We'll find a climate pure and free,
Producing life and health;
Where steady care and industry,
Will be a source of wealth.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
And there again we will surround
In peace, the lucid board;
And share the products of the ground
With skill and prudence stor'd.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We leave the moiling gentile race
Who thirst to shed our blood;
To rest in Jacob's hiding place,
Where Nephite Temples stood.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We seek a land where truth will reign
And innocence be free—
Where lawful rights will be maintained,
A land of Liberty.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We seek a land of holiness,
Where justice to the line
And to the plummet, righteousness
Will every work define.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We go where virtue will be known,
And merit meet its due;
For Zion's pathway will be strown
With light and glory too.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We go where hypocrites will fear
And tremble at the word
Of him! who is appointed here
To wield the two-edged sword.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We'll find the land the prophet saw
In vision, when he said
There, there, will the celestial law
Be given and obeyed.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We go where nations yet will come,
In ships, from climes abroad
To seek protection and a home
And worship Israel's God.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
We'll build in peace and safety there,
A city to the Lord;
And about amid our tents to share
A latter-days reward.

CHORUS—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.
Oh, Jacob! rise and sing—
Ye Saints! the world's salvation prove—
All hail! to Zion's King.

Young Men.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is no virtue; but he resists and conquers, he bears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but he beats with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the Atheist who says, "not only in his heart, but with his lips, 'there is no God!'" controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving council; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced power. Happy he seeks and gains the prop of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for good-ness.

If God has given thee intellectual powers, awake in that cause; never let it be said of thee "he helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence in its channels." If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength then. Let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.—(Miss Caroline Gilman.

It is said that the change which Mr. Catbourn intended to propose to the Constitution was the creation of two executives; one from the north and one from the South.

Dr. Franklin, speaking of Education, says, "If a man smokes his pipe into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

From the Evening and Morning Star, of Sept. '32.

Writing Letters.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

The art of writing is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy. To cultivate it is our duty, and to use it is our privilege. By these means the thoughts of the heart can act without the body, and the mind can speak without the head, while thousands of miles apart, and for ages after the flesh has mouldered back to its mother dust. Beloved reader, have you ever reflected on this simple, this useful, this heavenly blessing? It is one of the best gifts of God to man, and it is the privilege of man to enjoy it. By writing, the word of the Lord has been handed to the inhabitants of the earth, from generation to generation. By writing, the inventions and knowledge of men have been received, age after age, for the benefit of the world. By writing, the transactions of life, like the skies over the ocean, are spread out upon the current of time, for the eyes of the rising multitudes to look upon. And while we are thus summing up some of the blessings and enjoyments which result from this noble art, let us not forget to view a few of the curses and mischiefs which follow an abuse of this high privilege. While we behold what a great matter a little fire kindles, let us not stand mute. Let us not forget to set a better example, when we see the slanderer dip his raven's quill in gall, to blot the fair fame of some innocent person. Let us weep, for so will the heavens do, when the great men of the earth write their glory in the tears of the fatherless and the widow. Let us mourn while this world's vanity is written for deception, in letters of gold. But enough, for the wicked are writing their own death warrant, and the hail of the Lord shall sweep away the refuge of lies. We, as the disciples of the blessed Jesus, are bound by every consideration that makes religion a blessing to the inhabitants of the earth, while we see this exalted privilege abused, to set a more noble example: To do our business in a more sacred way, and as servants of the Lord, that would be approved in all things, hide no fault of our own, nor cover any imperfections in others; neither offend, lest we bring a reproach upon the great cause of our holy Father.

It is pleasing to God to see men use the blessings which he gave them, and not abuse them. For this reason, if the saints abide in the faith wherewith they have been called, the earth shall yield her increase, and the blessings of heaven shall attend them, and the Lord will turn to them a pure language, and the glory of God will again be among the righteous on earth. All things are for men, not men for all things. Beloved brethren, before we can teach the world how to do right, we must be able to do so ourselves: Therefore, in the love of him who is altogether lovely, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light, who spake as man never spake, let us offer a few ideas on this subject, for the consideration of such as mean to love their neighbors as themselves, for the sake of righteousness and eternal life.

1. Never write a letter to a friend or foe, unless you have business which cannot be done as well in some other way; or, unless you have news to communicate, that is worth time and money. In this way you will increase confidence and save postage.
2. Never write any thing to a friend or foe that you are afraid to read to friend or foe, for letters from a distance, especially one or two thousand miles, are sought for with great anxiety; and, as no one is a judge of men and things, you are liable to misrepresent yourself, your country, your friends and your enemies, and put in the mouth of the honest, as well as the dishonest, a lie, which truth in her gradual but virtuous way, may not contradict till your head is under the silent clouds of the valley.
3. Never write any thing but truth, for truth is heavenly, and like the sun, is always bright, and proves itself without logic, without reasons, without witnesses, and never fails. Truth is of the Lord and will prevail. A letter, except by revelation; for in the first place, your private intentions, be they ever so good, are liable to become public, because all letters may be broken open, and your opinion only on one side of the question, can be scattered to the four winds; and he to whom you meant good, receives evil; and you are not benefited. Again, we can hardly find language, written or spoken on earth, at this time, that will convey the true meaning of the heart to the understanding of another; and you are liable to be misunderstood, and to give unpleasant feelings; and you merely, to use a simile, bleed an old sore, by probing it for proud flesh, when it only wanted a little oil from the hand of the good Samaritan, in person to heal it. No matter how pure your intentions may be; no matter how high your standing is, you cannot touch man's heart when absent as when present. Truly, you do not cast your pearls before swine, but you throw your gold before man, and he robs you for your folly. Instead of reproving good advice; and when face to face, rebuke a wise man and he will love you; or do so to your friend, that should become your enemy, he cannot reproach you: thus you may live, not only unsport, but untroubled.
4. Never write what you would be ashamed to have printed; or what might offend the chastest ear, or hurt the softest heart. If you write what you are ashamed to have printed, you are partial: If you write what would offend virtue, you have not the "spirit of the Lord"; and if you write what would wound the weak hearted, you are not following the Lord's lamp, and thus you may have that you are not doing, to others what you would expect others to do to you. The only rule we could give to regulate writing letters is this: Write what you are willing

to be published in this world, and in the world to come: And would to God, that not only the disciples of Christ, but the whole world, were willing to follow this rule: Then the commandments would be kept and no one would write a word against the Lord his God. No one would write a word against his father or mother. No one would write a word against his neighbor. No one would write a word against the creatures of God. No one would need write a word against anything but sin; and then the world would be worth living in, for there could be none to offend.

Novel Reading.

Why do you read novels? "To gain a knowledge of history, because many novels are founded on it" replies one. Suppose a naturalist should form of clay the figure of a new and unheard-of animal, and then deck a part of it with the wool of the sheep, another with the fur of the beaver, another with the feathers of an ostrich, and another with the quills of a porcupine, and thus by pulling parts from certain real animals, should at length finish his ideal animal, would you make this uncouth combination of parts a subject of study in order to gain a knowledge of natural history? How does this new animal differ from a novel? The former is but an impersonation of the latter. The writer of a fiction produces a new and unheard-of book. He culls scraps of veritable history from here and there, and skillfully entwines them to suit his fancy. Examine carefully the historical novels of that prince of writers, Scott, and you will find, in comparing them with veritable history, that he has used facts only to give an air of truth to his works: in many cases, he has awfully distorted even these, in order to adopt them. It is the province of the historian to tell the truth; of the novel writer, to tell what he pleases. The one gives you a transcript of real events, the other daguerotypes the floating images of his excited fancy; and yet you go to the novel-writer to gain a knowledge of history!

Why do you read novels? "To gain a knowledge of human nature," replies another. Alas! for poor, erring humanity, if novel writers are its expositors. Our fallen nature is yet groaning under the curse of Eden. There is enough in the actual affairs of life to make a good man exclaim, "My whole head is sick, and my whole heart is faint;" but the real condition has far more symmetry, harmony and order, than these ideal caricatures of novel-writers. The very nature of their vocation impels them to go beyond the boundaries of truth, and to present to their readers not what is true, but what is new. Examine cautiously any of their works, and you will find that, with comparatively few exceptions, the characters with which you are so much delighted have not their likeness in heaven, on the earth, or under the earth. They are chimeras in the brain of your author, and yet you study these in order to gain a knowledge of human nature.

Why do you read novels? "To make myself conversant with the best styles of writing," replies another. This is a specious plea, and is often urged. But it is false. The individual who makes this a motive for reading several thousand pages of fiction, is self-deceived. There is nothing but the artificial interest that they create, which gives them the preference, and there is hardly a single novel written in a style worthy of being employed in writing a veritable book. One of the silliest objects in the world is an individual melted to tears while reading a novel: weeping over the phantasms which an author has made to fit before the mind. Wherein consists the utility of subjecting our finer feelings to such airy trifles? God never intended them to be exercised thus. But suppose that you could acquire the best style of reading novels, are you ignorant of that well established fact in mental science, that the mind becomes assimilated to that which it habitually contemplates? Now, although you may be able to speak with the tongue of kings and princes, and lords and knights, and be familiar with tournaments and sceptres and crowns, and understand fully the sickly nomenclature of royal gallantry, what benefit does all this confer on you?

The very objects which you ought to be familiar, have no attractions for you now, because your natural realm has been perverted.

You do wrong in reading novels, because you subject your purity of mind to a fearful trial. It is hard to discriminate between the good and the evil in novels. The novel appetite being once formed, it craves all. A hellish seduction characterizes this kind of reading. The unhappy being who takes the first steps becomes enamored of the pleasure it affords. All other reading becomes lifeless. Now observe this fact. Only one successful attempt has been made to write a novel in which woman is not a prominent character, and just one of the main ingredients in the composition of its plot. Authors are well acquainted with human nature. They know that it is never to rest along the borders of infancy and crime. Open vulgarity and obscenity are forbidden by religious custom; but novel writers, by means of homely words and artful phras, lead the mind just far enough to give it courage in its own imaginative powers, and then leave it in a most dangerous situation. A virtuous impulse would send it back; but, alas! here the enemy puts forth his greatest efforts. Where the novel-writer leaves off, the devil commences, and instils far more polluting thoughts than the liberal construction of the word implies.

You do wrong in reading novels, because you destroy your power of concentration of mind. It is a fearful trial, that which you have less mental exercise than any other kind of reading. A mind wholly absorbed in fiction becomes drowsy and unfit for the

actual duties of life. The reason is obvious;ly because the imagination is exercised, and the reasoning faculties lie dormant. You may feed the animal frame on chaff, and you will soon compel it to drag out a miserable existence; so you may feed the mind on fancies, and it will become enervated and unworthy the name of intellect. Exercise your reasoning powers. Store your mind with truth—that alone is beautiful; and you will find that thought is productive; each effort better capacitates the mind for the next. You will make a geometrical progression. Whereas in novel-reading your mind resembles the cup of Tantalus—an ever-flowing stream enters, but the water rises hot.

From the Republic.

The Mormons.

We notice in the papers of Philadelphia that J. L. Kane, Esq., delivered a lecture on Tuesday last before the Historical Society of that city, on which occasion he reviewed the history of the Mormon people, from the period of their ejection from Nauvoo to the time of their settlement in Deseret. Mr. Kane has himself visited the Mormons in their new home, and therefore, in the descriptive portion of his lecture, speaks from personal observation.

Much has been said for and against this people; and the unprejudiced and well-balanced mind is at times at a loss to determine whether they have been traduced or not. Upon the maxim, however, that communities, as well as an individual, are to be presumed innocent until proven guilty, we have hitherto refrained from condemning the Mormon people, and shall continue to do so, except upon strong proof of their criminality. One circumstance which weighs in their favor is, that the charges made against them, when not proceeding from parties directly interested in decrying them, have generally been anonymous. We with more confidence, therefore, take hold of any responsible and disinterested evidence which we find for or against them; and of such a character we judge Mr. Kane's lecture to be. The Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following synopsis of Mr. Kane's discourse:

"The lecturer, in a journey westward, arrived at their capital the day after the dispersion of its inhabitants, and well described the melancholy aspect of the deserted street—the desolate mansion, the untenanted workshop. He journeyed onwards, and came up with bands of frightened fugitives: he mingled among them—observed their admirable discipline in the conduct of their march—their tenderness to the sick—the devoted care with which, by compass, chain and well-known land-mark, they ascertained and registered for future recognition the burial-place of their dead. The description of the hardships this people have endured, as given by the speaker, was well calculated to win a feeling of sympathy—a sentiment he took care to improve by testifying, in the most unqualified manner, as to the faithfulness, affection and devotion of the Mormon women in their relations of daughters, sisters and wives.

"Mr. Kane's opportunities of observation were, we think, as commented on by him, well calculated to remove in the minds of his hearers the prejudice existing against this people. Their hospitality to California emigrants, and unvarying kindness to all who sought shelter and protection at their hands, were facts of which the prints bore constant proof; and that their enterprise, and sagacity, and industry, were elements which composed their character, and were fast elevating them into the condition of a great and thriving race; and that they had already assumed a position which entitled them to admission into the Union. Some of Mr. Kane's descriptions were very felicitous; we regret we are unable to give them in their very words—a circumstance indispensable to a just appreciation of their merits.

In conclusion, the lecturer held this language:

"I have given you, in terms, the opinion of my four years' experience has enabled me to form of the Mormons, preferring to force you to deduce it for yourselves from the facts. But I will add, that I have not yet heard the single charge against them in a community—against their habitual purity of life, their willing integrity, their toleration of religious differences of opinion, their regard for the laws, of their devotion to the constitutional government under which we live—that I do not from my own observation, or upon the testimony of others, know to be unfounded."

"The discourse, throughout, was deeply interesting, and was listened to with the closest attention."

The jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it.

Freedom may use her tongue, because speech is both her weapon and her spoil; but despotism is lost from the moment it attempts to vindicate its ways.

Col. Fremont of the Pacific Railroad.—The closing proceedings of the Pacific Railroad Convention, in Philadelphia, took place on Wednesday. They embraced an admirable letter from Col. Fremont. The Col. is perhaps the highest authority in the country upon the subject, having travelled over the whole route again and again. He declares that this continent can be crossed from the Mississippi to the Pacific, either directly, or around the Cape Horn, in less than thirty days, and on the very low vehicle of a national locomotive would require to visit not the great valley of the West with the Pacific Ocean. He says, moreover, that the route from the mouth of the Colorado to the head of the Del Norte to the mouth of the Grand Basin, and the Western, from the foot of the Great Basin to the Ocean.

